





# COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE,

SCOTCH SONG, BY HECTOR M'NEIL, WITH NEW PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

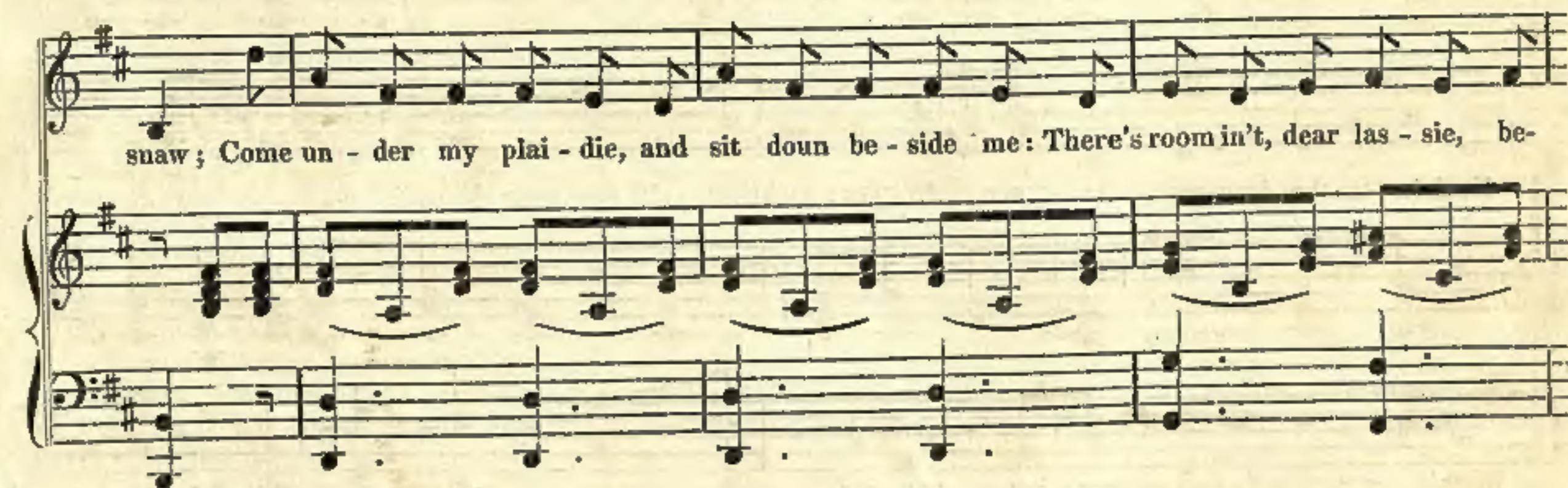
MODERATO. *mf*



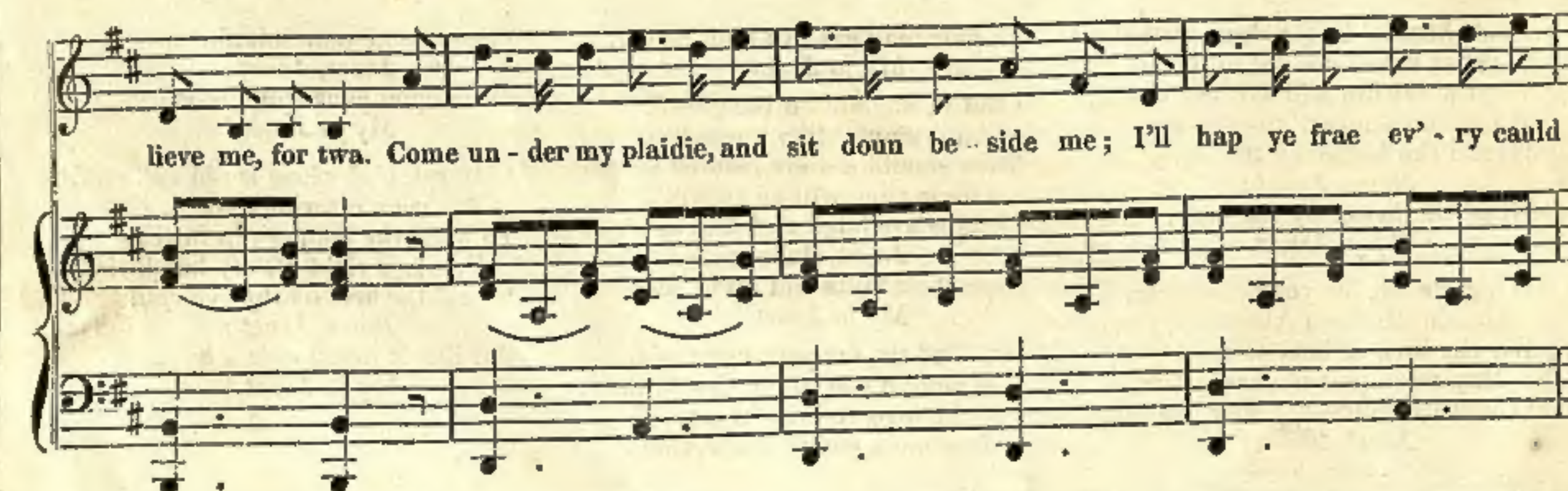
'Come un - der my plai - die, the night's gaun to fa'; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the



snaw; Come un - der my plai - die, and sit doun be - side me: There's room in't, dear las - sie, be-



lieve me, for twa. Come un - der my plaidie, and sit doun be - side me; I'll hap ye frae ev' - ry cauld





*ad lib.*

blast that can blaw. O! come un - der my plai - die, and sit down be-side me: There's room in't, dear

*colla voce.*

las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa.'

## 2ND VERSE.

'Gae 'wa wi' yere plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa;  
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;  
Gae 'wa 'wi your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;  
Ye might be my guteher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;  
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!  
Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', sae tichtly,—  
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!

## 3RD VERSE.

'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast the wa';  
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;  
The hail o' his pack he has now on his back;  
He's thretty, and I am but three score and twa.  
Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely;  
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;  
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
And flunkies ta 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

## 4TH VERSE.

'My faither aye tauld me, my mither and a',  
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;  
It's true I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;  
But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!  
I hae little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;  
I'm nae mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
Sae gie me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;  
I thocht ye'd been aulder than three score and twa!

## 5TH VERSE.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
Whare Johnnie was listnin', and heard her tell a':  
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
And strack 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in twa.  
He wander'd hame wearie, the nicht it was drearie,  
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;  
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, 'Women  
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.'

## 6TH VERSE. [This may very wel be omitted by the Singer.]

'O, the de'il's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,  
They'll e'en match wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
The hail o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;  
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.  
Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent when ye marry;  
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whip and they'll ca'  
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu' and bonnie,  
And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.'